













## Family Miscellany.

## THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

The trunk lies to-night in the chimney-place,  
And the soft light falls on its mother's face;  
Glow on her forehead and touches her hair,  
And glides the back of her old arm-chair.  
I watch the faint smoke-wreaths curling on high,  
And trace bright pictures that slowly pass by,  
And I am thoughtful, as I see  
The flames "bo-peep" round the old apple-tree.

Remember I now how it stood in state,  
With branches wide-spread, in the old road gate,  
Waving its welcome as entered we,  
To our home's sweet peace from the world's rude  
ding.

And softly nodding its tender good-bye,  
As we, in yearning, thought strange paths to try.  
While deeply musing, spoke mother to me,  
"Write me a song of the old apple-tree."

Why write of the tree, when its leaves are dead?  
Why think of the past, when its joys are fled?  
Why sing any song when the voices are still,  
That echo our own with harmonious thrill,  
Or call far forms from a far-away shore,  
That vanish so soon, to greet us no more?

Why do sad memories come to me,  
When I am asked to write songs of the old apple-tree?

Often we children have watched, in the lane,  
A form that now cometh never again,  
And shouted, and ran to father, elate,  
When his hands wide-spread the old road gate.  
Tenderly, sadly, we bore him away,  
To a low, quiet grave, one soft spring day;  
And we learned how *dear* life can be—  
As we passed through the gate 'neath the old apple-tree.

Still the tree stood, with its fruit and its flowers,  
And shaded the gate, the long summer hours,  
Departed the summer, and autumn came,  
With its trailing robe, and tangles of flame,  
And a face that we loved grew pale and chill,  
And last we, in vain, for that gate we still  
While our hearts are so sad, that never may we  
See her enter the gate 'neath the old apple-tree.

We know that our loved, with joy-light eyes,  
Watch over us now, from fair Paradise,  
Waiting to greet us, where gleam in the light  
Fair palms of victory, garments of white.  
We yearn to hear songs of angelic bands,  
Who sing rejoicing, with harps in their hands,  
For there, 'neath the blest, with our fond eyes  
The friends who once stood 'neath the old apple-tree.

## GOD WILL CONQUER.

God will conquer: doubt it not  
In the shadow of a thought,  
All the plans of men may fail,  
Blown as dry leaves by the gale;  
But the lightest word of His,  
Rooted like a mountain is.

Self is half of human might:  
He works but for Love and Right.  
He from all eternity  
Lives, the Truth that maketh free;  
And the hope imputed in Him  
Is a phantom-taper dim.

God will conquer: but beware  
What His conquest leaves our share.  
We shall win what we seek;  
Blood, if we reverse would seek;  
Ashes, if we fight for dust;  
Earth for every earthly trust.

Dead souls cannot wage his war:  
Lukewarm zeal He doth abhor;  
Hosts that hate their brother-man  
Fall uncounted from His plan.  
Clash to work unrighteous tale,  
Plots their plotters while they fail.

In the army of the Lord  
Point against thyself thy sword,  
Rather than let one thought be  
Traitorous to Liberty.  
Self-protection is thy curse  
Hissed throughout the universe.

God will conquer: when or how,  
Well it is we know not know,  
Or our crushed hopes may fail,  
He must ride to victory.  
Ours to choose—bend his feet,  
Or beside Him in his seat.

God will conquer: take His side,  
And to certain triumph ride,  
Bayonets and swords may fail:  
Better than a coat of mail  
Is a soul to Him allied:  
He will conquer: take His side!

## THE PRESENT.

Vainly discerning the sunshine  
In skies that are far away,  
We heed not the rainbow of promise  
That arches the noon of today.  
Waiting to gather the roses  
Of hope's sweet summer's morn,  
We trample the blooms that are making  
The present a May-day morn.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT,

## OR, THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

BY MRS. MARIA GOODALE FROST.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CORAL NECKLACE.

As years rolled back, Mrs. Stanley found  
her cares increase, as well as the infirmities  
and discomforts of the old paragon.  
The roof would leak, and, in spite of every  
effort, a shower bath might frequently be  
taken, in any corner of the upper story.

The sitting room carpet, with its delicate  
pattern of water-lilies, was removed to give  
place to one more suitable for the pattering  
of little feet, the running of mimic waggon,  
or the violent lolly-bone rockings of little  
Frank, whose glad voice, above every other  
sound, made the old house ring.

Mabel proved to be a very different child  
from Clarence. She was more self-willed, less  
easily influenced by her mother's persuasive  
tones, or her father's admonitions.

She was a beautiful, restless girl, of nine  
summers, wanting everything she saw, and  
constantly requiring caution or restraint.

"Mother," she exclaimed one day, as they  
returned from the village store, where Mrs.  
Stanley had just purchased Mabel's winter  
outfit, "why do you cut my dresses so high,  
and with such long, horrid sleeves? Why  
can't I dress like other girls?"

"Because others have chosen to violate  
the laws of health, and wear clothing in-  
sufficient for warmth and comfort."

"Other girls are as well as I am," said  
Mabel, fretfully.

"Results do not always follow immediately  
upon the violation of God's laws, but they  
follow certainly and fearfully, Mabel," said  
her mother. "Besides this," she continued,  
after a pause, "there is another reason why  
I do not dress you fashionably: true deli-  
cacy, christian duty forbids it."

"Well, mother, the girls make such fun  
of me. They say I look like a choked turkey,  
in these awful high dresses."

"They are not very elegant in their ex-  
pressions; do you think they are?"

"Even Clarence laughs at me," said Ma-  
bel, bitterly.

"Clarence will be wiser, as he grows old-  
er," said her mother.

"Well, mother, may I have this new de-  
caine cut low?" said Mabel, coming to the  
point, at last.

"No, Mabel."

"I do not see any reason for being differ-  
ent from every body else," said Mabel.

"There would be no reason, if everybody  
did right. Christian families must do right,  
whether others do or not."

"Well, mother, Hatty Winters, Carrie  
Edwards and Susy Pratt, dress fashionably.  
Their parents are good people, are they not?"

"They may not have thought as much  
about these things as we have. Laws of health  
and decency are to be observed, as soon as  
they are known. I have seen the evil effects  
of improper dress, and should be guilty, if I  
allowed it in my family."

"Am I always to dress different from every  
body else?"

"You will always dress differently from  
most people, while you are under the control  
of your parents. Dress is, in itself, of  
very little consequence, Mabel, but as it re-  
lates to health and morals, it becomes a sub-  
ject of importance. What is right becoming,  
and beautiful, you will wear, as far as we  
are able to obtain it."

Mabel had never seemed to care much  
about her dress, until she commenced attend-  
ing school, at the village academy. There, as  
in such institutions generally, many excellences  
were purchased at the expense of some evils.

"I hate to be different from other girls," said  
Mabel.

"I should not care, Belle, if I were you,"  
said Clarence. "I would be more independ-  
ent."

"You would care, if people laughed at you.  
I know you would."

"Oh, Belle, if I could not bear a laugh!  
You will never be any body, Belle."

"Clarence is not far from the truth," said  
Mrs. Stanley. "You can never be a woman  
of any character, unless you can rise above  
the contempt of the world, when you have  
right upon your side."

Some days after this conversation, Mabel  
came home from school with a new request.

"You said, mother, that I could have what  
was beautiful and becoming, if it was not in-  
dicate, or injurious to health, you know."

"We were then talking about dress, Mabel;  
heads and jewelry are no part of our necessary  
apparel, but are mere ornaments."

"Yet they are very pretty, and I like them  
very much, and all the girls wear them," said  
Mabel.

"There is one principle that I failed to  
mention, when we were talking about dress.  
It is the principle of christian benevolence.  
We should inquire what is right and benevo-  
lent, and what will be for the good of all,  
when we decide what we may, or may not  
wear. It is a question whether we have a  
right to expend any thing for mere ornament,  
while so many are perishing for the bread of  
life. Christians do not think alike on this  
point, we must therefore make it a strict mat-  
ter of conscience. Which would you rather  
do, have the money for the coral and locket,  
or send the number of Bibles it would buy to  
the heathen?"

"I would like to do both," said Mabel.

"That is impossible," said her mother; "you  
must make a choice."

Mabel hesitated. "You know, mother, I  
am not a christian," said she, at last.

"That is quite evident, Mabel; but have  
you a right to be selfish?"

"I suppose not."

"Your parents are christians; we are edu-  
cating you in christian principles. We have  
solemnly dedicated you to God, and expect  
you to ratify the covenant we have made for  
you, by conforming your heart and life to the  
principles of the gospel."

Here Mrs. Stanley left the question for  
Mabel to decide, and, strange as it may seem,  
she decided in favor of her own gratification.  
In due time the necklace came, in a nice little  
white box, lined with down; and was as bright  
and sparkling as Mabel could desire. But it  
did not make her as happy as she expected.

She wore it to school, the girls praised it,  
and told her it was very becoming, still she  
was dissatisfied. "What a fool I am," she said  
to herself, not to enjoy my beautiful necklace.  
Christians wear such things, why may not  
I?"

"But those Bibles, the poor heathen!"-whis-  
pered conscience.

"Never mind!" said Mabel, "I shall have  
more money, some time, and I will then buy  
some Bibles for the heathen."

"You may not live!" said conscience.

"Most likely I shall," said Mabel, "healthy  
children don't often die," and conscience thus  
silenced for a time, retired.

"How do you like my coral, isn't it beau-  
tiful, Clarence?" asked Mabel.

"It is well enough," said Clarence.

"I say it is perfectly lovely," said Mabel,  
in a provoked tone.

"I think it would be more lovely to please  
money, and more noble to do good with your  
money," said Clarence.

"That is just because you are mother's pet,  
she loves you best," said Mabel, bursting into  
tears.

## KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

## A TRUE STORY.

The glowing sun of a midsummer afternoon  
poured through the curtained windows of the  
little village school, and small curly heads  
drooped like delicate flowers in the languid  
air. Among them all, little Katie's sunny  
ringlets fell the lowest; and if you had lifted  
the golden veil, you would have seen that the  
weary eyes had forgotten to close the long line  
of hard words in the worn spelling-book, and  
that the silken ringlets of the drooping lids  
were pillowed lovingly upon the sweetest little  
cheeks in the world.

Yes, in the heated air, soothed by the lazy  
drone of the hungry flies, and the restless hum  
of young student voices, Katie had fallen  
asleep. She was dreaming, too. She was  
dreaming of the little brother, darling Charlie,  
who, in the bright Spring time, when the vio-  
lets were just opening their sweet blue eyes  
after their long sleep, had strayed away from  
earth, and passed through those gates of glory  
after the entering of little feet; and if you  
had dreamed that she clasped him to her little  
heart, and begged him never to leave  
her again. Amid the greatest of her joy, she  
sobbed aloud, and started to find Belle's soft  
arm around her, and to hear her whisper:

"What is the matter, darling?"

Before poor Katie could well collect her  
thoughts to answer, the school was dismissed,  
and she heard the teacher exclaim, as he point-  
ed to the darkening west: "Hurry home, chil-  
dren, or you will be caught in the shower."

Then Katie poured into the sympathizing  
ear of her little friend, all her troubles, and  
finished by saying: "I could not bear to find it  
only a dream; I feel as if I must see Charlie  
once more."

"Why do you think he is?" asked Belle.

"In heaven, I know," replied Katie, "and  
mother says he cannot come back to us, but we  
can get to him some time; and her sobs  
broke out afresh.

"Why don't you go to him now?" cried  
Belle.

"I don't know the way," said Katie, "I was  
very sick when you took him away in the lit-  
tle coffin, and I don't know where they went."

"Are you sure he went to heaven?" asked  
Belle, eagerly.

"O I know it," said Katie.

"Then," said impulsive little Belle, "then I  
can show you the way; I saw where they put  
your little brother." The glad light in Katie's  
tender eyes was beautiful to behold.

"Well, will you show me, Belle, now, this  
very afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Belle, with clasped  
hands, unmindful of the gathering gloom,  
these little pilgrims set forth on their journey  
to heaven.

Once on the way, a doubt oppressed little  
Belle.

"Oh! said Katie, with sweet assurance,  
"how Charlie would run to open the door!"  
and her cheeks flushed with anticipation.

"Do you suppose Charlie is very happy?"  
urged Belle.

"Very," said Katie, emphatically.

"And what does he do all the time?"

"Plays with the angels with such lovely  
wings," cried Katie, with great animation.  
"And they put up stars that lie all over the  
floor of heaven. And the rainbows—I suppose  
they keep them up all the summer; and  
oh! Charlie used to love rainbows. He once  
cried because—"

"Dance me," said Belle, interrupting her,  
in great dismay, "it rains, Katie, and we are  
so far away from home; what shall we do?"

"But we are almost to heaven, ain't we?"  
Let us hurry and go in there."

"Yes," said Belle, "I see the door."

"Where? where?" cried Katie, breathless-  
ly.

"There!" responded little Belle, pointing  
to the little rising ground and iron door of the  
village yard.

"Oh!" faltered Katie, with disappoint-  
ment, "is that heaven?" O Belle! it is like  
a great cave!" and her little lip quivered sad-  
ly.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they  
took your brother—the very place—and you  
said he had gone to heaven; besides, he contin-  
ued to shine, brightly, when we got through  
the little dark door, it may be all bright and  
beautiful on the other side."

"Perhaps it is," said Katie, more hopefully.  
But now the large rain-drops began to fall  
very fast, and the thunder-storm in all its  
sublimity, burst upon the little travellers.

The burdened west seemed gleaming like an  
ocean of flame, and the door of heaven re-  
bounded to the solemn tread of the mighty  
thunder. Still the little children, with clasped hands  
and pale lips, pressed on, and their hands, who  
dove behind the face of our Father, watch-  
ed over them, lovingly, and they walked sweet-  
ly in the heavenly company.

At last the busy, pattering feet reached the  
glorious entrance, and the sweet, hopeful  
lips were pressed close to the cold door.

"Knock," cried Belle; and with all her  
strength, Katie did knock, and a hollow echo  
was all her reply, while the dead from within  
heeded not the call from fresh, young, hopeful  
lips; and the little brother, with closed eyes,  
and pale, clasped hands, heard not the sweet,  
impending cry.

"Charlie, dear Charlie; it is your sister—  
your own sister Katie; won't you open the  
door?"

"He does not hear you, Katie, it thunders  
so," said Belle; "let us wait a little while;  
and they waited. Soon there was a lull in the  
storm, and again Katie, strong in faith, knock-  
ed at the door, and a hollow echo was all her  
reply, and the door of heaven, which had  
opened to the children, closed early back.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Belle, with  
parted lips; "is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie; "I thought I once  
heard his little feet, but it was only the rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large, im-  
aginative eyes, "perhaps he is playing with  
the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful  
garden."

"Oh!" sobbed Katie; "I hope he will not  
love the little angels more than me."

"Knock once more—just once," whispered  
Belle.

With wavering faith, again the little soft  
hand pleaded for entrance, and the tremulous  
voiced pleaded piteously.

"Charlie, darling, dear, sweet, little brother,  
please open the door to your own poor  
Katie. Don't love the little angels better than  
me. O Charlie! Charlie!"

She threw herself upon the wet ground, and  
sobbed in an agony of grief and disappointment.

"Katie," said Belle, half frightened at this  
outburst, "let us go home now, and come  
again to-morrow, and try."

"No," said Katie, with touching hopelessness;  
"I shall never come again. Let us go."  
She rose without another sob or fresh tear,  
even upon the wet creek; and the griefed  
expression of the sweet, childish mouth was  
pitiful to behold. Katie again, over the dreary  
dark, went Katie and Belle. Little shoes wet,  
little dresses dripping, little heads bent like  
dead-lilies, little hearts very heavy.

At Katie's door stood her anxious mother,  
peering through shadows for her darling. The  
child sprang to those loving arms, and with  
one cry, that spoke all the agony of bitter  
doubt that had crept into her young, confiding  
heart, exclaimed:

"O mother! I have been knocking at the  
door of heaven, and Charlie would not let  
me in."

Dear, grieving little Katie, refusing to be  
comforted in this first great sorrow, it may  
be that she the violets come again, God's hand  
will beckon, unawares, and with a better guide,  
than that indeed, find the door of heaven.  
Then knock, little pilgrim, and thou shalt be  
heard, and the alleluias of the heavenly  
choirs. Back shall roll the blessed portals,  
and Charlie shall lead thee, with eager wings,  
to the feet of Him who loves little children,  
while the song of the angels shall be: "Of  
such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Monthly  
Record, Free Points House of Industry.*

WHAT JOHN BRIGHT AND HIS FAM-  
ILY ARE DOING.

HOW THEY RELIEVE THE SUFFERING LANCASHIRE  
OPERATIVES.

The Tory journals of England, having sneer-  
ingly asked, "What is Mr. Bright doing for  
the distressed people of the North?" the  
question is answered by Mr. Charles Walker,  
of Rochdale, who writes as follows, in reply  
to a note from a gentleman in Birmingham.  
This story shows that Mr. John Bright is a  
doer as well as a talker:

"When I received your note I was at a loss  
how to answer it, for Mr. Bright and his fam-  
ily were never conspicuous in making the pub-  
lic acquainted with what they do in their pri-  
vate benevolence, which, in Rochdale, I am  
certain all parties will acknowledge to be un-  
bounded. I therefore waited upon several  
of their workpeople. They informed me that  
when the mills ceased working, they drafted  
from two to three hundred of their cotton  
hands, and where the family was large, placed  
one or two of each family in the carpet mills,  
where it could be done, so that the employment  
would be distributed over as many families as  
possible; and the girls now can get from 12s.  
to 20s. weekly. Many of the overlookers are  
men who have saved money, or got small prop-  
erties, under their employers. The most pres-  
sures are assisted with money, food and  
clothing."

"Mrs. John Bright and Mrs. Thomas  
Bright are incessant in their labors to find out  
the most distressing cases. One of their  
workpeople told me he was astonished at their  
liberality in supplying so many families with  
all kinds of clothing, and that he was satisfied  
that if he were a pauper, he would make their  
case known. Their liberality is not confined here.  
There are several sewing classes formed, and the scholars,  
according to their age, are paid from sixpence to ten  
pence per day, and the congregations, and their  
friends supplying much of the funds, and  
materials, and distributing part of the clothes  
made to the children; and from inquiries I find  
not one of these sewing schools—either Church  
or Dissent—but has received handsome pre-  
sents of clothing from Messrs. Bright, to assist  
in the benevolent exertions to clothe the  
naked."

"Indeed, for a sewing class with which I  
am connected, Mr. Bright was waiting upon,  
and ordered his workwomen to give  
double the quantity asked for. The firm have  
five mills, two of which, one of their own have  
entirely ceased working—the other two are  
partially occupied with carpets—the other  
portion being cotton, but not now working.  
The expense of running these mills in portions  
is almost as large as if the whole machinery  
were running, and with fair calculations,  
with rent of mills, increased poor rates, loss of  
rents in cottages, &c., the firm is losing from  
seven to eight thousand pounds per annum—  
independent of what they are giving away,  
which can never be known. You must not be  
surprised if Mr. Bright's name is not con-  
spicuous in the general public list, as he has  
made himself prominent with large sub-  
scriptions from home, when there is distress  
in his own town and neighborhood. I do not  
know of one cotton firm in this town subscrib-  
ing largely to it, having plenty to do at home."

"Mr. Walker encloses a letter from the  
Mayor of Rochdale, who says:

"When I called upon the firm for a sub-  
scription, I was requested to put them down  
for any amount I thought proper. They have  
joined in the general public list equally  
with other firms in the town. They are  
large cottage owners, and are not pressing  
for rents; they have supplied the sewing  
classes with large quantities of material, at  
prices greatly below the value, probably  
from ten to fifteen per cent. In addition,  
Mr. Bright has several times stated to me,  
that whenever I wanted, he was prepared  
to contribute any amount requisite for meet-  
ing the present emergency."

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES OF  
THE PAST YEAR.

THE NEW COMETS AND THEIR OBSERVERS.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier  
thus sums up the astronomical discoveries of  
1862:

"The planet Perseus, although optically  
discovered last year, was first recognized as  
an individual planet in January last. Its  
detection is due to Mr. Safford, of Cam-  
bridge, who had been engaged contemporan-  
eously with Dr. Peters, of the Hamilton  
College Observatory, in observing the planet  
Maia, discovered in the preceding April, by  
Mr. Tuttle. Mr. Safford says: 'I found, when  
revising some of my own observations, that  
Dr. Peters and myself had been, at the last,  
observing different bodies, under the impres-  
sion that each of them was Maia. Calculation  
at once showed that the Doctor had found  
a new one, not knowing it.' Messrs.  
Peters and Safford agreed in selecting the  
name Perseus for it."

"On the night of the 8th of April, Mr.  
Tuttle discovered a new planet, in the  
vicinity of the place where he discovered  
Maia, last year. This discovery was made  
with the great equatorial telescope of the  
Cambridge Observatory. The planet shows  
with the lustre of a star of the thirtieth  
magnitude when discovered. It performs a  
revolution round the sun in 1,590 days.  
This planet has received the name Cletie—  
a name borne by a daughter of Oceanus and  
Tethys, in the ancient Greek mythology."

"The comet which was discovered on the  
22d of September, by Dr. Peters, at the  
Hamilton College Observatory. No name  
has yet been selected for it. Three days  
later, Mr. Parkhurst, of New-York, discover-  
ed the fourth planet, which is likewise with-  
out a name. The fifth planet was discovered  
by Dr. A. R. C. Cope, on the  
23d day of October. He has selected for  
it the name Freya, the Venus of the Scan-  
dinavian mythology."

"Four new comets have been discovered  
within the year, and two of them were  
marked by features that give them consid-  
erable distinction among their fellows. Among  
the distinctions which the first comet of the  
year enjoys, is the geographical and histori-  
cal circumstances of its earliest discovery at  
Athens, by M. Schmidt, and of its being the  
first physical discovery in the celestial spaces  
made there, in modern times. After an ab-  
sence of two thousand years, astronomy returns  
to the land of the Hellenes, where its first theo-  
retics were conceived, and its foundations laid  
by the great astronomers as Thales, Pytha-  
goras, and Hipparchus."

"The comet was first detected on the night  
of the second of July, in Cassiopeia; and it  
was visible to the naked eye for a short  
time as a nebula, having the lustre of a  
star of the fourth magnitude. It was remark-  
able for its great geocentric velocity, and  
its proximity to our globe, but few comets  
on record having surpassed it, in these circum-  
stances. On the fourth of July it was only  
nine millions of miles distant from the earth,  
and was then moving at the rate of twenty-  
four degrees per hour, reduced to the arc of  
a great circle."

"The comet comet was remarkable, both  
for its brilliancy and for its physical features.  
In these particulars it was surpassed only by  
the great comets of Donati, and that of 1861.  
It was first discovered by Mr. Tuttle at Cam-  
bridge, early in the evening of July eighteenth,  
as a faint telescopic object in the constellation  
Camelopardus."

"The lustre of this comet was estimated at  
about one hundred thousand miles diameter,  
and the tail must have been not far from  
eighteen millions of miles in length, which is  
something longer than that of the great comet  
of 1861, which stretched so far across the  
heavens. This comet never came nearer the  
earth than thirty-five millions of miles, which  
is the distance nearly three times as great as  
that which the last-named comet had when  
nearest the earth. There is no record of a  
prior appearance of this comet."

"This is the last discovery in the heavens  
which we have to record, as made by Mr. Tut-  
tle. In our brief reviews of astronomical dis-  
coveries, in years past, we have had occasion  
to mention him frequently, as a discoverer; but  
when we recall our own personal acquaintance  
with him, we are constrained to say that he is  
far from certain. He has thought proper to  
join the federal army, and is now marching  
through the Carolinas, to encounter the ene-  
getic and desperate battalions of the Southern  
Confederacy. Whether he survives this bloody  
fratricidal war or not, it would seem, from the  
last report of the Observatory Committee, that  
there was but little more for him to achieve in  
cometary discovery."

"Intelligence has just reached this country  
that Dr. Bruhns, of the Leipzig Observatory,  
has discovered two comets, one on the last day  
of November, and one on the first day of this  
month. Nothing whatever has yet been made  
known as to their history or future career."